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Plays Maori and Pakeha

by JANET McLEOD

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VOL. TWO: FOR STD IV AND FORMS I—II

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PLAYS MAORI AND PAKEHA

Volume One of Plays Maori and Pakeha contains plays suitable for Standards I—IV

PLAYS MAORI AND PAKEHA

by

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VOLUME TWO
for Standard IV and
Forms I & II

*NOTES, APPENDIX AND
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HONOUR

CHARACTERS

SLAVE OF TE RANGI, *a Maori Chief*

UIRA, *wife of Te Rangi*

RIWA, *their elder son*

TAMA, *Maori Chief*

RATA, *daughter of Te Rangi*

YOUNGER SON *of Te Rangi*

RUA, *son of Tama*

HONOUR

SCENE: *A New Zealand forest—trees, ferns, undergrowth, etc. In the foreground crouches a slave keeping careful look-out. He peers through the trees to the right; then moves to rear and to left, listening, watching. He turns quickly as a rustling sound from right preludes the entry of a tall chief, wearing dog-skin mat, head-band and huia feather, sandals, etc., and bearing in his hand a greenstone mere. His face is intricately tattooed. He stands for a moment gazing back in direction from which he has come, then turns sharply to slave.*

CHIEF: What have you seen?

SLAVE: Nothing, O Te Rangi. No one stirs.

TE RANGI: Continue your watch. Have eyes for the sleeping-house, no less than the forest.

(Slave moves to rear of stage. Throughout the ensuing scene, he keeps careful guard, frequently returning to right of stage. The Chief walks thoughtfully to centre of stage. A rustling sound from right precedes the entry of a handsome Maori woman, dressed as a slave. She looks anxiously back, as though fearful of pursuers; then with outstretched arms, and uttering a low, moaning sound, she runs to the Chief. They press noses in the hongī.)

TE RANGI (*gently disengaging himself*): Be comforted!

(He moves thoughtfully to front of stage. The woman follows him.)

TE RANGI (*turning to her*): Uira, there is no time to lose. Did any see you leave?

UIRA: No. There is nothing to fear. All sleep heavily within doors.

(Turning to slave, and speaking fretfully)

Why does he keep watching? I tell you, this forest is empty of men.

TE RANGI: The slave does my bidding. Had we kept night-eyes in the past, it would have prospered us better. Now tell me, how fare you, my wife?

UIRA (*tonelessly*): There is nothing to complain of. The enemy chief uses me well.

TE RANGI: What of our children?

UIRA: They are well.

TE RANGI (*wistfully*) : And Riwa, our eldest, tell me of him, Uira.

UIRA (*roused from her apathy*) : He grows strong and tall as the totara. O Te Rangi, he is your son, all of him, in nature and in courage no less than in form and features! (*With sudden passion*) Oh! When will it end, this captivity, this parting? Our little Riwa, he speaks always of his father, the great chief Te Rangi. But here, what are we but slaves?

TE RANGI: Be patient! The road is not always blocked. Our little daughter, tell me of her, of Rata.

UIRA (*with pride*) : Comely as her name-flower is our daughter. She will be worthy of a chieftain mate, my Rata. But what will be her doom? A slave!

TE RANGI: These days will pass. Tell me more, of our youngest, the nursling. Does he thrive?

UIRA: As the forest sapling. All day he prattles and laughs, O so merrily! He runs everywhere.

TE RANGI (*nodding*) : And you, my wife. Tell me again. Tell me truly. How does the enemy, Tama, to you?

UIRA (*sadly*) : O, he is kind enough, always kind. To your nephew, Kahu, also, who was taken captive with us. But it is hard; (*Her voice breaks*)

And O so lonely! The hurt is here, in my heart,—to be parted from you and from our blood-kin. When will it end? I am your woman. And the children, they are young—

TE RANGI: Weep not. Who can withstand the gods?

UIRA (*wheedlingly*) : But, Te Rangi, they sleep. Could we not escape?

TE RANGI (*frowning*) : This is idle talk.

UIRA (*passionately*) : What am I now but a slave? And captivity bites into the heart. I long to return, as bird to its nest.

TE RANGI: To return! Is it then so easy?

UIRA (*hysterically*) : But they sleep, Te Rangi! They sleep!

TE RANGI (*sharply*) : And what of our children? The nest would be cold! You are crazed to think of it!

UIRA (*moving away, subdued and hopeless*) : Yes, you are right. It was my folly.

TE RANGI (*gently*) : Our little ones,—we must think of them always. How could we hope to escape with them? And what would befall them, parentless, among these our blood foes?

UIRA (*tonelessly*) : I know. I know. It was my heart that spoke.

(*Slave comes forward.*)

TE RANGI: What is it?

SLAVE: The day is breaking, O chief.

TE RANGI: Listen, Uira. This will indeed be the better way.

Take this dogskin cloak. Return quickly to the whare. Lay it over the sleeping Tama. Wake him and say, "O Chief! See you the cloak of my lord, the chief Te Rangi? Was not your life in his hands? But see, he gave it back to you!"

UIRA (*doubtfully, taking the cloak*) : But I am afraid for you, Te Rangi. Will he not pursue, and kill you? O, hasten from this place! Then when I know you safe, I shall waken Tama!

TE RANGI: Shall the woman dictate?

(*Uira bows her head.*)

TE RANGI: And now go! Go quickly! Courage! Be strong! All will be well.

(*They salute in the hongī. Uira goes off right.*)

TE RANGI (*to slave, sharply*) : Follow the woman. Use your eyes, but be not observed! Then come speedily to tell me how Tama receives her story.

(*The slave hurries off right. Te Rangi stands waiting. He turns swiftly as a few moments later a rustling sound is heard from the right. Then a young child, with a cry of "My father! O my father!" hurls himself into Te Rangi's arms.*)

TE RANGI (*embracing the child, but looking anxiously about him*) : Why, Riwa, what are you doing here?

(*He stoops and they press noses in the hongī.*)

RIWA (*clutching his father*) : I had to come, father. I woke up when my mother stole out. I had been dreaming of you, my father, and of our own hillside pa, and of the Tohunga. And you had promised to take me with you for the kite-flying. Yes, and you were grieved, and our Tohunga too, because the kite flew all lop-sided.

TE RANGI (*perturbed*) : What do you say, son? It flew lop-sided?

RIWA (*patting his father's arm*) : But that was at first only. Then it flew, O so steady! And you were glad. Like a bird it soared, with wings outspread. You laughed, and I awoke. I wanted to be home again, father, with you. And then I saw my mother rise up. Like a shadow she slipped from the sleeping-house. I had to follow her.

TE RANGI (*rising*): Where have you been?

RIWA: I crawled on my hands and knees, and hid behind the big totara tree,—you know, in front of the sleeping house, near the forest path. I waited till my mother and the slave had passed. No one saw me.

TE RANGI: Listen, my son. Are you not the first-born of a chief, the grandson of the Ariki? The young chief knows how to obey.

RIWA (*bravely*): Yes, my father.

TE RANGI: Then accept what must be. Return to the sleeping-house. Soon, perhaps, you will see our hillside pa. But for the present you are the guardian of your mother and the younger children. You will be faithful to your trust, my Riwa?

RIWA (*manfully, restraining his tears*): Yes, I will be faithful.

TE RANGI (*patting the child's shoulder*): And now you must return. See that you slip quietly in, unseen.

(He stoops for the hongī salute. Riwa with head erect goes off right. A few moments later the slave hurries in.)

SLAVE: O Chief, all is well! Tama's anger rages only against his careless warriors, who failed to keep guard. I thought he would slay them with his famous mere, that wrought such havoc to your clan.

TE RANGI: Enough! And the chieftainess, my wife?

SLAVE: All is well, O Te Rangi. Look, they come.

TE RANGI: Hasten after my son. Watch his entrance.

(Slave hurries off right. Te Rangi moves slightly to left of front stage, facing right. The Chief, Tama, enters, followed by Uira bearing Te Rangi's cloak.)

TAMA: Greetings, O Te Rangi.

TE RANGI: And to you, greetings, O Tama.

(They salute in the hongī.)

TAMA: Your cloak I return, O Te Rangi.

(He turns to Uira. The cloak is handed over. Uira stands between Tama and Te Rangi, a few paces behind them. Te Rangi dons his cloak.)

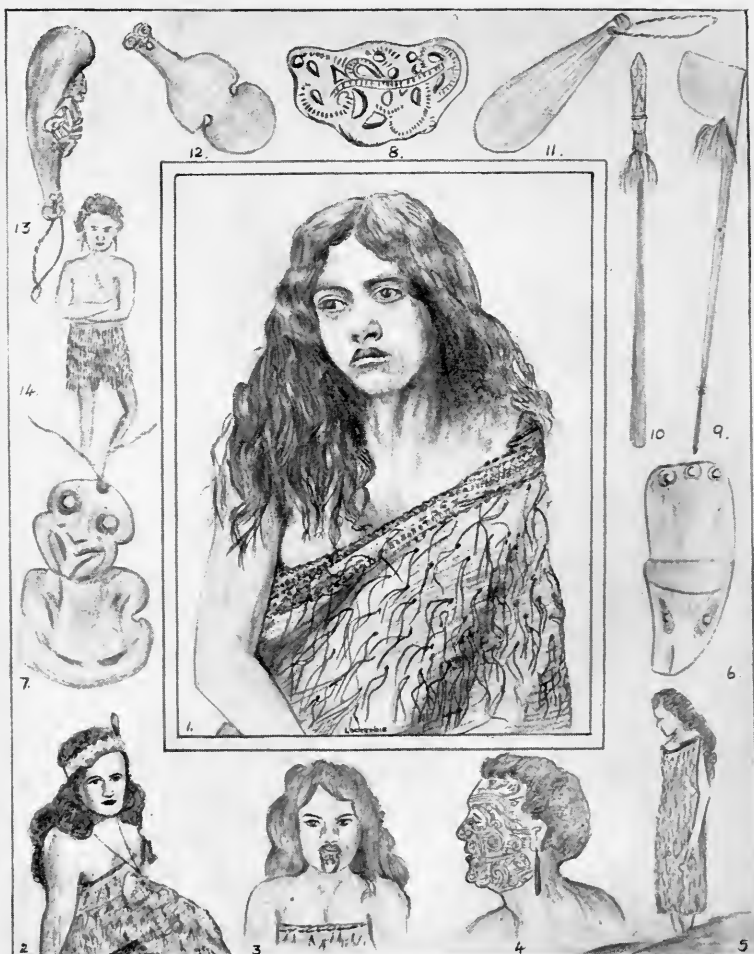
TAMA: You are a generous foe, O Te Rangi.

TE RANGI: O Tama, speak not of generosity. To my wife and to our children your kindness overflows.

TAMA: The Chief Te Rangi held my life in the hollow of his hands. Gratitude fills my soul.



Te Rangi



(SEE APPENDIX)

TE RANGI: The Chief Tama held in his two hands the lives of my kinsfolk. He did not abuse his power. Truly gentleness binds with stronger chains than tyranny.

TAMA: Te Rangi, your road is clear. As the winds of heaven you are free to return, with your wife and children, to your hillside pa.

TE RANGI (*gravely and sincerely*): O Tama, truly my heart is full as the mountain tarn fed by the winter snows. Shall there again be a blood-feud between our tribes? Or is it Tama's will that this spilling of life ceases?

TAMA: O Te Rangi, let our tribes dwell in peace! For myself I can sway the hearts of my people. You too, O Chief, can you still the angry waves that lash over the high rocks?

TE RANGI: Shall not the angry waves subside at my bidding? When my people see the woman returning, our children, too, by my side, then rage will vanish even as dew before the noontide sun.

TAMA: Be it so, O Te Rangi.

(He turns abruptly as a sudden clamour is heard off right, angry voices, as quickly stilled. Running steps are heard, and the child Riwa, with a heart-broken cry, "My father! O, my father!" hurls himself into Te Rangi's arms. Soon the slave appears, leading a little girl of four and a little boy of two years. Uira comes forward to take the younger children, who are weeping bitterly.)

TE RANGI (*to Riwa*): Quiet! Quiet, my child!

(He turns enquiringly to the slave. Tama strides to the right, gazing frowningly off stage, but turns to listen intently to the slave's replies.)

TE RANGI: What has happened?

SLAVE: It is your nephew, the youth, Kahu. He is dead.

(The younger children wail afresh, Uira comforting them.)

TAMA: Who has done this, fellow?

SLAVE (*turning*): O Tama, it was the warrior Moku, whom you rebuked for his careless watch.

RIWA (*interrupting hysterically*): Father, he sneered at me. He called me "Remnants of the Feast!" He spoke words that cut me to the heart!

TE RANGI: Peace, my son!

(To the slave): Proceed!

SLAVE: He struck at the child. Kahu, though weaponless, intervened. With his mere Moku struck down your nephew. Kahu is dead.

TAMA (*folding his arms*): Moku shall die.

SLAVE: Great Chief, he is slain. And by your wife, the chieftainess Nuku. Her cloak she then drew round the children, and they were safe.

TAMA: It was well done. (*He returns slowly to front, facing Te Rangi. Uira with younger children stands in centre of mid-stage, visible between Tama and Te Rangi. The slave stands to left of rear stage.*)

TAMA (*earnestly*): O Te Rangi, my sorrow is as yours for the youth Kahu. My joy, too, that your first-born is unharmed. But alas for the bitterness of bloodshed! Can it be washed out, think you?

TE RANGI (*his hands on Riwa's shoulders*): The fault, O Tama, lies not at your door. By the Chieftainess, Nuku, reparation has been fully made, the satisfaction of the utu. Why should we lengthen out the years of blood-spilling?

TAMA: Let it come then, O Te Rangi, the union of our tribes in the bond of friendship. Henceforth is Te Rangi my brother and my friend.

TE RANGI: Truly is the chief Tama my friend and my brother. Between our tribes is now set up the greenstone door of peace.

RIWA (*turning excitedly to clasp his father*): O my father, do we really return? To our own pa? My mother, too, and all of us? O my father! (*He runs off right.*)

TAMA: But first, O Te Rangi, let us give honourable burial to the youth Kahu, that his spirit may journey in peace to far Reinga. Remain therefore my guests through the days of mourning.

TE RANGI: It is a noble thought, O Tama, that brings heart-comfort.

TAMA: Come, then, with me to prepare for the tangi.

(*They are moving towards right exit when a lad of Riwa's age runs in, followed by Riwa. The newcomer is clad in piupiu (waist mat) and a fine white cloak of flax with a deep border (taniko) woven in black, white and brown patterns at the bottom, also a similar border, but narrower, at the sides.*)

TAMA (*pausing*): Well, Rua, has Riwa told you?

RUA: Is it true then, father? That Riwa is to leave me?

TAMA: True, indeed. My son, greet the Chief, Te Rangi.

(*Rua turns courteously to Te Rangi. They salute in the hongī.*)

TE RANGI: You will miss my son then, Rua?

RUA: I cannot bear to lose him.

RIWA (*excitedly*): Then come with me, Rua, to our hillside pa. What fine games we could have, with my toboggan board,—the reti,—and our swing, the moari—

TE RANGI (*laughing*): Enough, enough, my child! Would you entice the young chief from his own home?

(*The elders laugh. Riwa turns away.*)

RUA: Don't be sad, Riwa. Listen! Let us vow to each other the most binding oath of friendship. See, Riwa, you shall have my cloak. And here is my sperm-whale-tooth pendant. If ever you should need me, this token in the hand of your messenger will bring me without delay.

TAMA (*moved*): That is well done, Rua. Truly, Te Rangi, is set up the greenstone door of perpetual peace between our tribes. Does not the totara fulfil the promise of the sapling?

(*Rua places his cloak on Riwa's shoulders and attaches the pendant.*)

TE RANGI (*removing his ear-drop*): May the gods prosper this friendship. Riwa, this tara is yours.

(*Riwa runs eagerly to take the eardrop.*)

RIWA: Rua, accept my ear-drop. At any time you need me, I will hasten to you.

Riwa attaches the ear-drop, the lads standing in centre of front stage. Behind them stand the Chiefs. Further to rear stands Uira with younger children. At extreme rear stands the slave. All eyes are on the two lads as

CURTAIN FALLS

NOTES ON SCENERY, COSTUMES, Etc.

This little play may be performed indoors, or better out of doors, if a suitable area is available. For the indoor stage, the back scene should be made to represent a small opening in a New Zealand forest. Since tree ferns and undergrowth are necessary for the action of the play, large trees will appear more distant. Small trees, ferns, etc., should be placed in convenient positions about the stage. These must be firmly fixed so that there will be little possibility of their falling over when disturbed by an actor (see Appendix). Light should not be too bright.

COSTUMES

TE RANGI (*A Chief*)

Te Rangi should wear a fine cloak, complete with taniko, etc., as well as a dog-skin cape. He must also wear an "ear-drop" and be intricately tattooed. More need not be said of his garments, pendants, or tattooing, since they are fully described in the Appendix.

TAMA (*A Chief*)

The appearance of Tama might resemble that of Te Rangi. He could be clad in a fine cloak, but need not wear the dog-skin cape. He, too, would be intricately tattooed.

UIRA

Uira would probably be dressed in a way similar to that shown in the central sketch illustrating dress and ornamentation (Appendix). Since her early venture would be carried out with great stealth and haste, her garments would not be carefully arranged and her hair would probably hang in untidy tresses about her shoulders.

RIWA

This child could perhaps wear a short kilt, but no other body covering should be apparent.

NOTE: Young folk generally wore triangular slips known as "maro."

RUA

Rua might be clad in a piupiu as well as a fine cloak with a deep border (taniko) of black, white and brown at the bottom and with a similar, but narrower, border at the sides. He should wear a pendant of whale-tooth.

SLAVE

The slave would need to be clad in the kilt only and would not be tattooed.

NOTE: Details concerning the making of garments, modes of wearing them and pendants, etc., will be found in the Appendix.

TE KANAWA

CHARACTERS

TE KANAWA, *a young Maori Chief*

KAHU, MIRU, TOROA,

companions of Te Kanawa

CHIEF OF THE TUREHU

RANGI, *wife of Turehu Chief*

RUA, *maid, half mortal, half fairy*

TORU, *Turehu jeweller*

RATA, TUI, *and other female Turehu*

TUKU, TERE, NUKU *and other male Turehu*

TE KANAWA

SCENE: *The upper slopes of Mount Pukemore, trees, ferns, undergrowth, etc. In centre of rear stage the knotted roots of a large tree, in the shelter of which are lying the youthful chief, Te Kanawa, and his three companions. A small fire in a more open patch to left of stage. One of the sleepers must be in a position to light and extinguish an electric torch (covered with paper, etc.), so as to give the impression of fire blazing up and subsiding.*

A rustling sound is heard from the background of shadows. Te Kanawa stealthily raises himself, turning his head in direction of sound. Kahu, his companion on the right, sits up and gazes fearfully around him. The others follow suit.

KAHU (*in a low, clear voice*): Te Kanawa! Te Kanawa! Did you hear?

TE KANAWA (*frowning*): Hush! Keep quiet.

(They lie down again, feigning sleep. The firelight dims. The rustling grows more distinct. Then a face appears behind the sleepers, half screened by the tree, followed by another, and another. The fire flares up and the faces disappear. Darkness again, and figures stealthily approach the front of stage. They are fair-skinned, fair-haired, garbed in the Maori fashion, but with something of a fairy-like, other-worldly aspect. One, the tallest male, is obviously their chief, the handsomest female, his wife. They stand gazing curiously but fearfully on the sleepers, the Turehu Chief and his wife standing somewhat in advance of their fairy subjects. Suddenly, at a signal from their Chief, they begin to intone their chant of warning, all eyes on Te Kanawa.)

The Gods of the Turehu
Suffer no mortal
From Kainga in the valley
To pass through fairy portal!
Beware, O rash Earthborn,
To climb our sacred Mountain,
To sleep 'neath tall totara,
To bathe in stream or fountain.

In the realms of the Turehu
No mortal may dally.
Rash Earthborn! Away
To Kainga in the valley!
Nor once backward turning,
Nor fairy-wise straying,
Lest for Kainga yearning
Ye rue all delaying

(More loudly)

From the realms of the Turehu,
Hasten, rash mortal!
Think not to pass unscathed
Twice through fairy portal!
Secret our fairy-lore,
Fern-frond and fountain,
Bird-life and forest-life
On sacred Mountain.

(As they cease, their eyes fastened on Te Kanawa, the fire suddenly flares up, and with a startled cry, they run swiftly into the shadows. Seizing his opportunity, Te Kanawa removes his greenstone tiki and carved greenstone ear-drop (right ear). Driving a sharp-pointed stick in the ground, he suspends on it his ornaments. His companions watch him. All resume their sleeping pose. The fire dies down and the fairies return. They gloat excitedly over the ornaments, some kneeling to examine more closely, but none touching. A pretty fairy maid, Rua, timidly approaches the fairy Chief.)

RUA: O, Rangatira, you would not leave them here! They are so lovely, so lovely!

(The fairy Chief smiles indulgently and stoops to examine them more closely. He beckons to a little male fairy of gnome-like aspect, who has been peering intently at the sleeping Te Kanawa. Rua turns away despairingly.)

FAIRY CHIEF: Come, Toru!

(Toru runs to the Chief, who whispers instructions. Toru listens carefully, then kneels before gems, slowly passing his hands before them.)

TUI (a fairy maid): You stupid Rua! What use would they be to the Turehu?

RUA (appealing to the Chieftainess): O Rangi! You will keep the lovely gems? See, they gleam like stars on the breast of Rangi of the Heavens!

RANGI: My little Rua! What would a fairy do with such?

RATA (*a female fairy*): You want the silliest things, Rua!

TUKU (*a male fairy*): Yes, it's true, Rata! But then, Rua isn't a real wood-fairy.

FEMALE FAIRY: Of course! It's because her mother was a mortal.

RUA (*half crying*): I don't care! Anyway, my father was a Turehu Chief. And I *do* want our people to keep these lovely gems!

FEMALE FAIRIES (*jeeringly*): Our people!

RANGI (*turning*): Don't vex her!

(*In a kindly voice to Rua*): The mortal's gems are not for the fairy, Rua!

RUA: But Rangi, it is the precious jade!

RANGI: Precious, yes, to the mortal!

RUA: And he meant them for you, that handsome Chief!

(*All the fairies laugh, Rangi shakes her head reprovingly.*)

RANGI: Of course he did, dear.

RUA: But he meant you to *keep* them.

RANGI: And so we shall. See!

(*She points to Toru who meanwhile has busily continued moving his hands rhythmically before the gems, his eyes closed, his lips moving as though reciting some sacred formula. The Chief stands with folded arms, his gaze fixed on Toru.*)

RUA (*in rapt, comprehending whisper*): The shadow pattern!

(*All watch entranced.*)

RATA (*ecstatically*): Our Toru is so clever! No other fairy jeweller has his skill!

TORU (*rising and standing with back to sleepers, facing the fairy Chief*): See, O Chief of the Turehu!

(*He raises his empty hands, moving them as though slowly trickling gems through them.*)

CHIEF: Perfect, Toru!

(*The "gems" pass from Toru to Chief.*)

The true gem! The form! The idea! The shadow pattern!

(*He passes the shadow gems to Rangi, who receives with reverent hands.*)

RANGI (*in rapt tones*): The fairy pattern! The reality!

(*Fairies crowd round Rangi, uttering cries of admiration. "Lovely as moon-gleams!" "Like star-light!" etc. Rua alone turns thoughtfully to Te Kanawa's gems, comparing, venturing almost to touch.*)

MALE FAIRY: The shadow pattern! That alone remains, unchanged and indestructible!

(Rua comes to gaze, then wanders forlornly to Te Kanawa's gems.)

CHIEF *(receiving from Rangi's hands)*: Yes, the form alone has meaning and value! Only the form is eternal! Matter, it is a passing thing! Only the idea survives.

(He passes the "idea" to Toru, who kneels to receive.)

Take these precious gems, Toru. Lodge them delicately in the Fairy Chest of the Moonbeams.

(Toru steps slowly backwards, his empty hands outstretched as though guarding some treasures. He disappears from rear of stage.)

CHIEF *(sharply, in business-like tones)*: Now, as to these mortals, they must leave at once!

MALE FAIRY: But are they to leave unpunished!

FEMALE FAIRY: O, Chief! Have they not trespassed on our sacred Mountain?

RUA *(running forward)*: No, no, great Rangatira! You would not harm him!

CHIEF: Peace!

(He turns to the fairies.)

He is already punished. Is not fear a torment?

(He walks slowly to centre of stage, and stands with folded arms, gazing down on the "sleeping" Te Kanawa. Rua follows timidly. The fairies watch their Chief in silence.)

RANGI *(who has followed the Chief)*: He has a frank, noble countenance.

(The Chief nods.)

And he has destroyed no forest life.

MALE FAIRY: But they came with their dogs! They came kiwi hunting!

CHIEF *(angrily)*: Enough! You presume!

(The Chief and his wife return slowly to front of stage.)

CHIEF *(with sudden decision)*: Come now, my Turehu, a final warning to these much-daring mortals.

(The fairies give place to their Chief, who with his wife moves slowly to rear of stage, followed by their subjects. Rua last of all, gazing longingly back at Te Kanawa's gems. When all have disappeared into the shadows, the chant begins, the Turehu Chief intoning the first two lines of each verse, all joining in the remaining lines.)

Warrior Chieftain!
 Turn ye not hither!
 Swift is our vengeance
 To blast and wither!
 Sacred our forest haunts,
 Sacred our Mountain,
 Sacred tree, flower, and fern,
 River and fountain!
 Sacred tall totara
 On sacred Mountain!

 Tempt not the Forest Gods!
 Mortal, return!
 Lest for lone Kainga
 Hapless ye yearn!
 Roofed home and smoky vents,
 Red fires that burn!
 'Ware Fairy Forest-folk!
 Wood-wisdom learn!
 Back to your valley-home
 Mortal, return!

 Ruthless the Forest-folk!
 Come not again!
 Locked is our Fairy cult
 From Mortal ken!
 Back to your valley-haunts,
 Flax-swamp and fen,
 Shut door and closing walls!
 Come not again!
 Mystic our Mountain!
 Return not again!

(The chant is repeated, growing fainter in the distance. Te Kanawa raises himself.)

TE KANAWA (*in an audible whisper*) : Come! Come quickly!

(All rise, gazing fearfully around.)

MIRU (*the youth near fire*) : But— but— the kiwi?

TE KANAWA (*sharply, as he removes his ornaments from stake*) : Be quiet, Miru! There will be no hunting.

KAHU (*hurrying to stamp out fire*) : It is well for us all that we caught no kiwi!

TE KANAWA (*after satisfying himself that fire is completely extinguished*) : Now, mark! You must not harm the tiniest leaf or insect!

(All busy themselves adjusting capes, tying sandals, gath-

ering weapons, etc. In the silence that follows Te Kanawa's warning, a faint sound is heard like the snapping of a twig.)

MIRU (*as all start uneasily*): What is that?

(They listen. All is silent.)

TE KANAWA: Come! It is the wind rising. Call the dogs, Kahu. Be as quiet as possible.

(Kahu goes off right. Te Kanawa kneels, struggling with his sandals.)

MIRU (*moving nearer to his companion, Toroa, and gazing fearfully around*): Do you think we are really safe, Toroa, from these Turehu?

TOROA (*nervously*): I don't know. I can't help thinking of my ancestor, Tatangi. They spirited him away.

(He breaks off suddenly, clutching Miru's arm in terror, as a rustling sound is heard from the shadows. Te Kanawa looks up uneasily.)

MIRU (*shaking with fear*): What was that, Toroa?

(They cling to each other, listening.)

TOROA (*as all is silent again, whispering*): Was it the wind, do you think?

MIRU (*half reassured*): Yes, yes, the wind. But your ancestor, Miru? Did you really mean that he was taken by the Turehu?

TOROA: Yes. One night it happened, a night just like this, still and calm. Then there came a great rushing wind, and voices in the wind calling, calling for Tatangi! Suddenly the wind ceased, and a great fog was seen rolling and billowing down the sacred Mountain! Tatangi gazed, he listened!—His name repeated! "Tatangi! Tatangi! Tatangi!" Then softly wailing, Hark! the fairy music of the putorino! "Tatangi! Tatangi!" That bewitching call! He would fain follow it!

MIRU (*morbidly fascinated*): And he never returned? The fog-blanket swallowed him?

TOROA: He never returned.

TE KANAWA (*rising*): Come, enough!

(They go off right, Toroa gazing fearfully behind him. Immediately two male fairies, Nuku and Tere, appear from behind the tree, followed a little later by Rua. Nuku hastens to right exit to gaze after the mortals, Tere to inspect the fire.)

NUKU (*laughing merrily*): How they are speeding down the Mountain! Their fear lends wings!

(He turns to Tere): Is that fire out, Tere?

TERE (*joining him*): Yes, quite dead.

(*He touches his nostrils daintily.*)

Ugh! These gross mortals! How do they endure the odour of smoke!

NUKU (*with equal repulsion*): And food smoked in the fire! Cooked, they call it!

TERE: Come, we must report to our Chief.

(*As they turn, they observe Rua standing with mournful gaze fixed on Te Kanawa's stake.*)

Why, Rua, what are you doing here?

RUA (*whispering sadly*): Gone! They are gone! Those lovely gems!

NUKU: What? Oh, the mortal's ornaments! You foolish baby!

RUA (*engrossed in her own sad thoughts*): I wonder, I wonder, are they all like that?

TERE: Why, she's crazed, quite crazed! We'll have to leave her, Nuku, to moon over the lost gems!

NUKU: And the handsome mortal!

They hasten gaily off rear. As their laughing voices recede, Rua runs to peer after them, then slowly returns to Te Kanawa's empty stake. Her expression conveys conflicting desires for Turehu and valley-dwellers. Finally, with a cry of grief, "Farewell, Turehu!" she turns with outstretched arms towards right exit crying in a ringing voice, "Earthborn! I come!" as

CURTAIN FALLS

NOTES ON SCENERY, COSTUMES, ETC.

The home of the Patu-Paiarehe, the forest, will, in the dim light of the fire, appear somewhat dark. This to a certain extent might be effected by dim lighting alone, but if possible the back scene should be so coloured that it will produce a certain amount of brightness, as well as the feeling of shade and night. A large, gnarled tree will occupy the most prominent position and the roofs will run on to the very stage itself (see Appendix).

FOREGROUND

Here and there about the stage, small trees might be effectively placed. A fairly large tree might be fixed towards right front stage while a tree-fern might occupy the extreme left front. The roots of the central tree should extend sufficiently far on to the stage to allow four sleepers to lie in their shelter. Towards the front of the stage, sticks, etc., should be arranged in the form of a fire. Beneath suitably coloured cellophane, an electric bulb or a torch will produce the desired appearance of flames. This should be controlled from off stage. An electric torch, flashed intermittently across the faces of the sleepers, either from off stage, or by one of the sleepers themselves, will produce a satisfactory and similar flickering effect. Such a light should not be too bright.

COSTUMES

MAORI

General notes on Maori costume, including descriptions of pendants, sandals, etc., will be found in the Appendix.

PATU-PAIAREHE

These were a fair-haired, fair-skinned folk dressed in a way similar to that of the Maori. Whereas the Maori complexion is a distinct brown, the complexion of these people will most closely approach that of the European. The garments worn by these Patu-Paiarehe should also be more finely woven and more delicately coloured than those of the Maori.

ELFRINA

CHARACTERS

WOLDRED, *a huntsman*

ELFRINA, *his fairy wife*

FAIRY QUEEN

OAK FAIRIES

BEECH FAIRIES

MUSIC FOR SONGS IN ELFRINA

(the full words will be found on pp. 46-48)

Song of the Woodelf

Music: E. Jenner A.R.A.M.

Lightly and buoyantly

p

Red Red Red (simile)

Vi To the fairy the green-wood To the woodelf the

tree The life of the forest so joy-ous and free The sun and the

moon shine For wood-elf in tree

Repeat

After last verse (long)

Rall

Red

The Lament of Elfrina

Music: E. Jenner A.R.A.M.

Non troppo lento

p

V. 1. 0
V. 2. 0

hap - py the fair - y Who the green wood never leaves, Nor woe-rack'd nor woe-y To
hap - py the wood of To tree - home who cleaves, From star-wink to dawning Ent -

El - land who cleaves For the green realms of faer - y My heav - y heart
- bower'd in green leaves For the bright realms of faer - y My long - ing heart

groves
grieves.

V. 3.

0

hap - py the fair - y In wood - land so free, Nor age - ing nor dy - ing sad

mor - tel de - cre Nor white hairs of win - ter But sum - mer sweet

glad in the grey realms of mortals my weard I must dread.

Red

Rall

Lament of the Beech Fairies

Sadly but not too slow. Music: E. Jenner ARAM.

Vi Queen of the for-est grows sad was thy
Ball. poco.

fall - ing Woe to the beech-en loves mourn-ful-ly call - ing griev-ing like mate-less doves.

Mourning thy fall - ing Mourn-ful the call - ing.

After last verse. *Sempre dim.*
Ppp

Vi Queen of the for-est groves sad was thy fall - ing Woe to the beech-en loves Mourn-ful-ly
 call - ing Grief-ing like mate-less doves mourn-ing thy fall-ing Mourn-ful-ly call-ing.

ELFRINA

SCENE: *A clearing in a forest, ferns, undergrowth, etc. In middle rear of stage, the outside of a rude hut, with sliding boards for windows on either side of a door, open to reveal a trestle table and form. On the table a stone bowl filled with harebells.*

Outside the hut, to right of door, is lying a large log, evidently used as a seat. To left stands a smaller trestle table, with a washing bowl, a piece of rough soap, and a coarse towel at one end of table; some arrowheads and a sharpening stone at the other. At left front of stage a large pail. At right, bows and arrows, a hunting-bag.

As the curtain rises, the sound of wood-chopping is heard from off-stage left. It ceases, and a male voice is heard, singing, the song growing clearer as the singer approaches. He enters, still singing, a sturdy young man clad in a brown tunic with a wide leather studded belt, containing a short hunting dagger. He is carrying split logs, which he places inside the hut. He reappears, dusting his tunic with his hands. He takes up pail, goes out, returns with water, which he pours into washing-bowl. He scrubs hands, face, hair and neck vigorously, singing or whistling his song all the while. While drying himself, he suddenly pauses, listening. His song is heard, sung by a female voice. After a brief pause, he joins in, smiling, and is lustily singing as a dainty little fair-skinned, fair-haired maid runs in from right, carrying a large sheaf of wild flowers. She wears a leaf-green cap, and a leaf-green short frock with petalled skirt, the front of bodice pouched and gathered on shoulders. She stands with a roguish smile at right of stage, the flowers clasped in her arms, as together they finish the song.

SONG OF THE WOOD-ELVES (1) "To the fairy the greenwood."

(As the song concludes, she runs laughing merrily, and lays her flowers on the trestle table. She selects one to place in her companion's belt.)

SHE: You improve, Woldred. Every day you sing my song a little better.

WOLDRED (*teasing*): Improve? Why, I thought it a perfect rendering.

SHE (*seriously*): Oh, no! Not perfect! Only my wood-folk could sing it from the heart, as it should be sung. Do you like your decorations?

WOLDRED (*looking at his belt while rubbing his hair vigorously*): I'm afraid a flower is as badly out of place in my belt, Elfrina, as my dagger would be at your little waist.

ELFRINA: It's a cruel horrid dagger.

(*She runs into the hut, returning with bowl of faded harebells.*)

ELFRINA (*kissing the flowers in bowl*): My poor faded darlings, you must go.

(*She runs off left, returning with empty bowl. Woldred removes dagger from belt, carefully testing its edge. He takes up the sharpening stone and sitting on fallen log begins to sharpen.*)

WOLDRED: Cruel, did you say? Why, this dagger is one of my best friends.

(*He lays down dagger quickly as Elfrina goes to lift pail. He pours water from pail into her bowl, then returns to log. Elfrina proceeds to arrange flowers.*)

ELFRINA: And these flowers are mine. My little pretties!

WOLDRED (*busily sharpening*): But why do you return so soon? Have you quarrelled with your flower friends?

(*He looks up as Elfrina makes no reply, and is surprised to meet her reproachful gaze.*)

WOLDRED: What is it?

ELFRINA: But have you forgotten?

WOLDRED: Forgotten? What?

ELFRINA: Oh; Woldred!

(*She lays down her flowers and runs into the hut returning with a soft moss brush and a green comb. Woldred watches her in surprise, a smile escaping as he sees her treasures.*)

WOLDRED (*amused*): Oh! Is that all!

(*He returns to his sharpening operations. Elfrina petulantly throws the comb down on the trestle table and resumes her flower arranging.*)

ELFRINA: All! Oh, you are tiresome, Woldred! One would think it was of no importance!

WOLDRED (*laughing*): Well, well! Of course it's important. Much more important, no doubt, than food-foraging and hunting, or sharpening this dagger!

ELFRINA: Well, anyway, it is important.

WOLDRED (*smiling*): So? And why?

ELFRINA (*pouting prettily*): Woldred, you think only of strength and fleetness, but that is not all. Old Bruin has the one and your ravenous wolf the other. But who could love them?

WOLDRED (*humouring her*): Why, Bruin has his mate and his cubs. And as for the wolf, sometimes he takes a human shape and even finds a devoted human spouse.

ELFRINA (*with a shudder*): The fiendish werewolf! Don't speak of it, Woldred.

(*She gives her flowers a final touch, critically regarding their arrangement. Feeling something lacking, she picks some fern leaves, and adds them to the bowl, talking as she does so.*)

You'll soon be ready for me, won't you, Woldred?

WOLDRED: If you'll answer my question.

ELFRINA: What question?

WOLDRED: This titivating business of yours, why is it so important?

ELFRINA: Titivating! That's a silly word! What is the use of being goodly and handsome, with brown, curling hair, if——

WOLDRED (*with a burst of laughter*): Oho! Will dressing the huntsman's hair help to arm him against the wild boar and the wolf, or——

ELFRINA (*with a cry of fear*): Oh, not the wolf, Woldred! Not the wolf!

WOLDRED: Well, well! Perhaps I had better give him a wide berth. Just the little red rascal of the woods, to-day, who thieves so craftily from my food-store.

ELFRINA (*unconvinced*): Oh! Don't tease me, Woldred. Tell me truly, what do you hunt to-day?

WOLDRED: Only the deer. This evening we dine luxuriously, Elfrina. A fine steak of venison, no less.

(*Studying his dagger, he does not observe her shudder of repulsion.*)

WOLDRED: There, that's a good sharp edge at last.

(*He places dagger in belt, and taking arrowheads from table begins to sharpen them. Elfrina seats herself nearby on ground, and begins to weave a garland of wild flowers.*)

WOLDRED: More decorations? Is this a festal day for the wood-folk?

ELFRINA (*wistfully*): Yes, a festal day. My fairy kin keep holiday.

WOLDRED (*half-teasing, half serious*): Better keep indoors, my Elfrina, lest they spirit you away. Or shall I light a big fire? That would keep away intrusive fays and wolves.

ELFRINA: Oh, Woldred! Why will you keep talking of wolves to-day? Wolves and werewolves! Don't speak of them!

WOLDRED: Well, it was you named the werewolf, remember! You have never seen him, surely?

ELFRINA: My fairy people have. Oh! He is vile, a thing of dread.

(She stares before her, lost in the werewolf horror.)

Wedded to a mortal woman, he will steal at night from her cottage, bearing with him a little naked child. My fairy people have seen him on a frosty winter's night, when the wolf nature is strong within him, tearing the tender flesh of the little one, drinking his blood! Oh! He is a fiend, your werewolf! Him alone the fairies dread. How could a mortal link with such!

WOLDRED *(ignoring the implied reproach)*: But what of the lady werewolf, my Elfrina? What of the female, always the deadlier of the species, you know! Why, have you never heard of the lovely golden lady who appeared one moonlight evening at the woodman's cottage? Who won his heart, and became his wedded bride? Lying on his coarse straw bed, he had heard the blood-curdling howl of a wolf under his window. Then a human cry. Trembling with fear, he had yet unbarred his door. A shy, golden beauty stood without, weeping sorely.

ELFRINA *(in horror)*: And he sheltered her? He wedded her? *(Woldred nods.)*

And she was a werewolf? How did he discover it?

WOLDRED: She, too, every night when the moon was full, stole from his hut out into her forest home, returning at early dawn. Always in the village beyond these woods, the cry of bereaved parents was borne on the morrow by the forest winds to the woodman's lonely hut. Always his golden bride slept late, and fasted that day of mourning.

ELFRINA: But her husband, the woodman, did he see her go?

WOLDRED: He knew nothing, suspected nothing. Until one day a benighted traveller arrived, almost demented, raving strange, unbelievable things. This was his story. Losing his way in the forest, when the snow lay thick upon the ground, he had unsaddled his mare and tied her loosely to a stout tree. He himself had taken shelter in the hollow trunk of a huge oak, wrapped in his great bearskin coat.

(Elfrina shudders.)

What is it?

ELFRINA: Nothing! Go on.

WOLDRED: Towards midnight he had fallen into a deep, dreamless sleep. Suddenly he awoke, fear knocking at his heart. The cry of a wolf, repeated, growing nearer! Then the terrified, almost human screeching of his mare. Suddenly she appeared before him, crashing madly through the forest, with tossing mane, her reddened eyeballs protruding from her head. The wolfish howl was repeated nearby.

ELFRINA (*lost throughout Woldred's narrative in a horrified fascination*): The werewolf bride!

WOLDRED (*nodding*): Yes, the werewolf bride. There before the traveller's eyes, he witnessed the horrible transformation. A golden-haired, lovely woman, bearing a naked child, he saw suddenly changed into a great white wolf. With hateful relish she proceeded to rend and devour.

ELFRINA: And the traveller? What happened? Did he not kill her, that werewolf fiend?

WOLDRED: At first, he could only gibber and shake with horror, but finally, rallying his faculties, he seized his dagger and aimed with nerveless fingers at the monster. Wounded, she at once abandoned her victim and fled through the snow, her white fur almost immediately indistinguishable in that trackless, glistening purity.

ELFRINA: And she escaped!

WOLDRED: No, not for long. Our traveller managed to call and soothe his terrified mare. Onwards they went, tracking these blood-marks to the woodman's hut.

ELFRINA: And found her? They found and killed her, that wicked, cruel monster?

WOLDRED: Yes, eventually they tracked her, cunning though she was. And her human husband slew her; then, turning his dagger upon himself, paid the sure penalty of his folly.

ELFRINA: His folly? You mean, his marriage with the monster?

WOLDRED (*nodding, as he carefully inspects his arrow-head neglected during his narrative*): Yes. With a non-human, an alien species.

(*He does not notice Elfrina's start.*)

ELFRINA: A non-human!

WOLDRED (*absorbed in his sharpening operations*): His rash bewitchment by her strange, golden beauty.

ELFRINA (*tense and unhappy*): Bewitchment! By a non-human!

WOLDRED (*unaware of Elfrina*): Too late he realised his folly. Too late!

ELFRINA: His marriage with a non-human!

WOLDRED (*with a final sharpening flourish*): Yes. a non-human.

(*Satisfied with his arrow-heads, he jumps to his feet, pushes his dagger firmly into his belt, picks up his forester's cap, and turns towards hunting-bag. Elfrina stands, downcast, watching him.*)

WOLDRED: Well, I must away. Did you repair my hunting-bag?

(Suddenly he notices Elfrina's expression.)

Why, Elfrina, what's the trouble? Oho! Of course, this coiffure business,—I had quite forgotten. Well, be quick about it.

(With a good-natured laugh, he settles himself on log. Elfrina runs happily into the hut, and returns clutching a small jar of scented hair oil. Woldred is unaware of her intentions until she has administered a generous application and begun massaging energetically.)

WOLDRED *(resisting)*: What in the world, Elfrina! Why, why, bless, me, do you want me a scented fool?

ELFRINA *(smilingly busy)*: I would have you beautiful—the handsomest huntsman in the forest.

WOLDRED: Well, make haste in your beautifying. We waste the good day in idle talk.

(Teasingly, turning to her): Now, surely you've made me charming enough for the chase.

ELFRINA *(with sudden fear, pressing her hands on his shoulders)*: No, no, Woldred! You must not, you shall not go!

I can't bear you to leave me to-day! I'm afraid, afraid!

WOLDRED *(amazed)*: Afraid, Elfrina? Of what?

ELFRINA *(sullenly)*: That you will go away and not return.

WOLDRED: You foolish child! Leave you indeed! Why, it is more likely you that will fly away. One of these days poor Woldred will be deserted. That will be the way of it.

ELFRINA: No, no, no! Woldred! I swear it! Never!

WOLDRED: Yes, yes, yes! Elfrina! One of these days my fairy bride will hear the call of the wood-folk, and whoosh! like the wind, away she will go!

ELFRINA *(reassured by his banter, resuming her brushing and combing)*: No, no, that will never happen. My husband knows I could never leave him.

WOLDRED: The wood-folk Nalda said that. Oh, so often! But one fine morning, just such a day as this, she up and left poor Gunfrid.

ELFRINA: Poor Gunfrid indeed! He beat her!

WOLDRED *(wincing as she tugs at his hair)*: Perhaps he had good cause. Perhaps she tugged his hair with her silly comb.

ELFRINA: Oh, Woldred! I'm so sorry. Did I hurt you? But I didn't mean to tug, truly I didn't. It was this ugly white hair of yours, that doesn't belong.

(She holds it up, with distaste.)

WOLDRED *(trying to seize it)*: Doesn't belong, indeed! Don't you believe it! That little fellow is only the first of the crop.

ELFRINA (*in horror*): The crop? Woldred, you don't mean there will be others?

WOLDRED: Of course. This is just the little herald, like the first spring bud on King Oak or Queen Beech.

ELFRINA: Oh, you are teasing me.

(*She softly combs his hair, admiring its youthful brown sheen.*)

WOLDRED: Not a bit of it.

ELFRINA (*suddenly pouncing on the offenders*): Oh, Woldred! I see two, three more.

WOLDRED (*grasping her uprooting hands*): Now, now, that's quite enough! No more slaughter. Well, you're a ruthless one! A fine patch you've given me. Pulling out one means planting fifty.

ELFRINA (*looking with horror at the collection in her hand*): Woldred, you don't really mean that? It isn't true?

WOLDRED: It's perfectly true.

ELFRINA: Woldred, tell me at once! What *are* these ugly, dead, frozen things that would drive out your lovely brown curls?

WOLDRED: These white hairs, Elfrina, that you so despise come as a kindly messenger.

ELFRINA (*with scorn*): Kindly!

WOLDRED: Yes, a kindly messenger to remind men that life is brief, that youth soon passes.

ELFRINA (*passionately, pressing her hands against her ears*): No, no, don't say it! I can't bear it!

WOLDRED: But, Elfrina, you foolish little Elfrina, all mortals must face that knowledge. The strength of limb must pass, the eye dim, until a dawn breaks when a man looks his last upon the sun. His life's day closes.

ELFRINA: His life's day closes! Man's light extinguished like the setting sun!

WOLDRED (*speaking lightly to rouse her*): Setting sun, indeed! More like a candle, a farthing dip!

ELFRINA (*wailing*): Oh, you are hard, you are cruel, you mortals! I can't bear it Your white hairs are hateful!

WOLDRED (*amazed*): Why, Elfrina! But, of course, I had forgotten. Your fairy folk do not know old age. For you it is always high summer, the heyday of youth. No winter in the life of the wood-folk, no ageing, no white hairs.

(*He smiles at her, seeking to comfort.*)

ELFRINA (*eagerly*): But, Woldred, hear me! Couldn't you, like the fairy, seek the Magic Fountain? I have told you of it, have I not, oftentimes? How the wood-folk bathe in

its crystal streams when the waning moon is nearly consumed. And, like the moon, they emerge reinvigorated and comely and healthful. Could not mortals, too, my Woldred, find their Magic Fountain, and shed the burden of the years?

WOLDRED (*slowly shaking his head*): No, Elfrina, it may not be. We mortals must all fare to a Country of No Return. Such is the mortal decree.

ELFRINA (*downcast, with knitted brows, twisting the white hairs in her fingers*): The mortal decree! The mortal decree! To grow old and tired and unlovely! To lose the spring in the step, the light in the eye!

(*With sudden passion*): Oh, it is horrible! I hate your white hairs! I hate them!

WOLDRED (*rising and patting her shoulders, and speaking soothingly, as to a fretful child*): Now, now, now, these are unhealthful thoughts.

(*He stoops to pick up her forgotten garland.*)

And look at your poor flowers, neglected all this while.

(*He crosses to select a bow and arrows, then returns.*)

Now, Elfrina, no more fretting. Soon I will return, with a prime steak of venison for our evening meal.

ELFRINA (*petulantly*): Venison! The flesh of animals! Ugh!

WOLDRED (*dusting his forester's cap*): And what of the new forester's cap you promised me? See, this one grows shabby. Well, do you accompany me to the forest path?

(*They go out left, Elfrina daintily arranging the feather in his cap before returning it to him. Immediately, from the right, two little fairies steal cautiously in. Gaining confidence, they run to left of stage, gazing after the departing pair.*)

1ST FAIRY: She is sad, so sad! See, she weeps.

2ND FAIRY (*nervously*): Come, she is returning.

1ST FAIRY: Her heart will break, our poor Elfrina.

2ND FAIRY: Quickly! Quickly! We must let our Queen know immediately that the mortal has left.

(*They run off right as Elfrina enters listlessly. She sits on log, and begins half-heartedly to weave her garland. Wearying of this, she drops the flowers and from her bodice removes the white hairs, twisting them mournfully in her hands. Then sadly, she begins to sing her lament.*)

ELFRINA'S LAMENT (2): "O, Happy the fairy."

As her song finishes, her head droops. She weeps. Then very softly, as though coming from a long distance, a sweet chorus of voices is heard, singing

THE SONG OF THE WOOD-ELVES (1).

Elfrina raises her head, listening intently. The song grows clearer. Elfrina sits tense with expectation, her tear-stained face radiant. Suddenly, with a louder burst of song, a troupe of fairies run gaily in, some wearing garlands of oak-leaves and acorns, others of beech-leaves and beech-nuts. With glad cries of

"Elfrina! Elfrina!"

"We have come, dear Elfrina!"

"Oh, it is so good to see you again!"

"Elfrina, we have missed you so!"

they surround her, laughing happily, embracing her. Some run to peep into the hut and return, saying

"Of course he's gone!"

"The mortal will not be returning for a long time!"

"What an ugly hut!"

Then as the Fairy Queen makes her dignified entrance, followed by her ladies-in-waiting, her wand in right hand, the babel of voices ceases. Elfrina rises and curtseys to the Fairy Queen, who sits daintily on the vacated log, motioning Elfrina to sit at her feet. The other fairies silently group themselves round their Queen, who raises her wand as a signal to begin their song, (1) "To the fairy the greenwood."

(As the song finishes, some fairies settle themselves on the ground, others wander into the hut, emerging to comment on their surroundings. All talk ceases as the Queen begins to speak.)

FAIRY QUEEN: So, little Elfrina, we meet again.

(She scans Elfrina's upturned face.)

You are sad, my Elfrina.

ELFRINA *(dropping her gaze)*: It is nothing, nothing at all.

FAIRY QUEEN *(gently)*: Yes, sad. We are come to bring you back, Elfrina.

ELFRINA: No, no! It cannot be.

FAIRY QUEEN: We miss you, my child. And I think you miss us.

ELFRINA *(sullenly)*: I cannot leave.

FAIRY QUEEN *(smiling)*: You cannot?

NELDA *(a little beach-fairy, sitting to right of Queen)*: But that's silly, Elfrina. Of course you can come. No one—

ELFRINA *(interrupting crossly)*: Oh, leave me, Nelda! Why do you keep worrying me?

DREDA *(a little oak-fairy, busily weaving Elfrina's neglected garland)*: It isn't the fairies who worry you. It is your own sad heart.

FAIRIES (*quickly, in turn*) :

"Yes, that is it!"

"It is because you are homesick!"

"You know you miss us!"

"Yes, Nelda is right, you are homesick!"

"You are sad for your fairy folk!"

ELFRINA (*covering her ears*) : No, no, no!

DREDA: Yes, yes, yes! It is because your heart is heavy for its forest home that we are unwelcome.

FAIRIES (*surrounding her, speaking in turn as before*) :

"Dear Elfrina, come back to us!"

"Your heart will break, Elfrina!"

"Come back to us, now!"

"Don't suffer this dreadful heart-longing."

"Darling Elfrina, come now!"

ELFRINA (*desperately*) : Oh, go away, go away! If you won't, I will.

(*She leaps up angrily to her feet.*)

FAIRY QUEEN (*softly*) : Elfrina!

(*Elfrina looks at her, the anger leaving her face.*)

FAIRY QUEEN: Sit down, Elfrina. Now listen to me, with your mind and your heart. We miss you sadly, my child. Our sylvan sports are no longer as gay and pleasing as when you led our beech-fairies. And you too, my Elfrina, I think you miss your forest friends?

ELFRINA (*after a brief pause, half whispering*) : Yes, I do.

FAIRY QUEEN (*nodding sagely*) : Of course. It could not be otherwise. And you will miss us more and more as the days pass. And when your child is born, Elfrina, remember, it cannot be like its fairy mother immortal. It, too, must die. So short-lived are these poor human creatures. What are these, Elfrina?

(*She points with distaste to the white hairs Elfrina has been twisting wretchedly in her fingers.*)

What are these, my poor child, but the badge of human decay, the symbol of mortality?

ELFRINA (*touched on the raw*) : I care not! White or brown, what matters it!

FAIRY QUEEN (*with gentle pity*) : So, Elfrina?

(*She watches her in silence, then resumes with quiet emphasis*) : One day, Elfrina, we shall cease to come. You know what that will mean? That beauty has ceased to move you.

(*She pauses. Elfrina gazes before her, torn by rival longings.*)

By that time, Elfrina, you will be inwardly dead, dead, as these greedy mortals are, many of them. Dead and insensible. The call of beauty, of sunsets, and bird-songs, of wind in the long grasses, of snow-mantle on the oak-tree; the first eager buds of Spring,—all this loveliness will pass you by. By then you will be deaf and blind and insensitive. You will be crazed with strange, sick fancies for unhealthful food. You will even have come to believe that sordid things are desirable; that to live within cruel, enclosing walls, in rooms covered with the skins of shy forest animals brutally trapped and slaughtered—that to live possessed by these cravings is to live happily and possessing. By then you will forget the sweet savour of bramble-berries, nature's diet of beech-nuts and fruits tree-ripened; the clean fragrance of woods refreshed by summer showers. Don't you realise, my poor bewitched Elfrina, that we fairies are the last, the sole survivors, of the Golden Age? Can't you see that greed-sick, fear-crazed, hate-ridden man is blind and deaf and self-destructive?

ELFRINA (*piteously*): But please try to see into my heart. I cannot leave him. And he is not of that order, my Woldred. He is as kind and gentle as he is brave.

FAIRY QUEEN (*firmly*): Then why is he at this moment tracking the shy, graceful deer? Does he not kill the fox, the wolf, the lumbering, parentally-minded bear? Even the tricky little squirrel to adorn his forester's cap? Trapping, tricking, killing all his days.

ELFRINA (*reluctantly*): But they are cruel to man, the bear and the wolf. They would kill him. And even the fairies hate the werewolf, and dread him.

FAIRY QUEEN: Since when did fairy fear any creature of the woods? In the Golden Age no hand was raised to destroy. And the werewolf is feared by the fairy for the monstrous blend of human and wolf. The wolf strain alone we have no cause to fear. You see, my poor little Elfrina, already the poison of fear and hate begins to work. Soon you too will grow insensitive to killing and maiming.

(*She turns round as the sound of sobbing is heard from a group of fairies who have been inspecting the hut and its surroundings.*)

Why, what ails our beech-fairies? Come, Nelda, tell me your grief.

NELDA (*kneeling before the Queen*): Beloved Queen, it is that ugly house. We forest-fairies weep because King Oak and Queen Beech have been cruelly felled by the mortal to build his ugly dwelling.

(They bury their faces in their hands.)

FAIRY QUEEN: My poor little fays. You see, Elfrina! There stood those stately trees, the lordly oak, the shapely beech. Day by day sounds the axe, felling, destroying. Come, weep not, my children. Let us sing together the Lament of the Beech-Elves.

(Fairies gather round their Queen, singing the

LAMENT, (3), "Queen of the forest groves."

As the song concludes, a little beech-fairy, moved to pity, offers the weeping Elfrina her garland. Elfrina presses it to her lips. The Queen rises, and stands gazing at Elfrina.)

FAIRY QUEEN (*gently*): Well, what is it to be? We must delay no longer. Do you return with us, Elfrina?

FAIRIES (*eagerly, pressing round her*):

"O, Elfrina! You must come!"

"Of course you'll come!"

"Darling Elfrina, come quickly! Don't hesitate!"

"The harebell fairies are holding a party to-night!"

"There's to be a glorious moon. They promised our Queen."

"You're coming, dear! Of course you're coming!"

"Elfrina's returning with us! Lovely, lovely!"

ELFRINA: Oh, what am I to do? It isn't fair! Why did you come to destroy my peace of mind?

FAIRY QUEEN: No, Elfrina. It was the fairy in you. Home-longing divided you.

ELFRINA (*miserably*): But, my mortal husband. He will grieve for me so, my Woldred.

FAIRY QUEEN: Think not of him! So short is his life at the best. Soon he will forget you.

ELFRINA: No, no! It is not true! He could not forget me.

FAIRY QUEEN: You are bewitched, my Elfrina, bewitched. I tell you, soon you will become but a lovely dream. Daily your image will grow fainter until at last—

ELFRINA (*interrupting passionately*): Oh, you are cruel! It isn't, it can't be true!

FAIRY QUEEN (*with scorn*): These mortals! They wed with equal ardour a mortal, a fairy, or even a werewolf.

ELFRINA: A werewolf!

FAIRY QUEEN: Yes. Bewitched equally by a fairy or a werewolf. And with as short-lived a passion.

ELFRINA (*horror-held, remembering*): A werewolf! "Bewitched!"

FAIRY QUEEN: It isn't in mortals to pine from heart-longing. The bond betwixt fairy and mortal is too slender, too fragile.

ELFRINA: A fairy or a werewolf! "Bewitched!" "The penalty of his folly!"

FAIRY QUEEN (*seizing her opportunity, and speaking with quiet conviction*): Elfrina, listen. Only come with us, and I promise you that within two moons you and I will steal at midnight back to this hut. Unseen we shall peer at the mortal, lying, drugged with sleep, all forgetful of his fairy bride. Then shall you surely know that the human heart does not break. No! Even were you to seek his arms, you would find maybe no ready welcome, to compensate for the sacrifice of fairy life in the greenwood. Even coldness, repulse!

ELFRINA: No, no! Not that! But,—but he said, the werewolf bride! The "penalty of his folly"! "A non-human"! "An alien species"!

FAIRY QUEEN (*quickly*): Will you put it to the test? Or are you afraid?

ELFRINA (*stung*): I am not afraid.

FAIRY QUEEN: Then come. To stay is folly.

(*She turns to fairies*)

And now, fays, let us sing the "Song of the Oak-Fairies." And then we leave. We leave, Elfrina. And who knows? Perhaps we shall never return.

She raises her wand. The SONG OF THE OAK-FAIRIES (4) begins. Come, fairies, away.

(*As the song concludes, the fairies run to form a train behind their Queen, who stoops and kisses Elfrina on the forehead. She begins to move off, raising her wand as a signal to begin the song again. Suddenly, with a bursting sob, Elfrina runs towards them, her garland falling unheeded.*)

ELFRINA: Oh, I cannot bear it! Wait! Wait! I come!

(*With outstretched arms, the fairies run to welcome her, parting their ranks to receive her in their midst. They watch her, their song subdued, as she gazes sadly at the hut, then at the white hairs twisted round her finger. Suddenly she throws her hairs to the ground and resolutely turns her gaze from the hut. The fairies, their faces alight, burst into louder song, clasping Elfrina joyfully. All move off right, their song growing fainter. Suddenly, from off left stage, Woldred's voice is heard crying "Elfrina! Elfrina!" He hurries in, removing hunting-bag from his shoulders, and speaking as he does so, not noticing her absence.*)

WOLDRED: Elfrina! The finest buck in the forest! Elfrina!

(He hurries to the door of hut.)

Elfrina! Where are you? Why don't you come? Elfrina!

He pauses suddenly, listening. The fairy song is heard, faintly borne from the distance. He stands, motionless, grasping the door of hut, then gropes his way to the log. He sits down heavily, muttering, "Gone! My Elfrina! Gone!" He passes his hand across his brow, staring about him. His eyes fall on the neglected garland. He picks it up, gazing mournfully at it. With a cry, "Elfrina! Left me! Gone!" he buries his face in his arms as the

CURTAIN FALLS

SONGS

(1) SONG OF THE WOOD-ELVES.

To the fairy the greenwood,
To the wood-elf the tree;
The life of the forest
So joyous and free:
The sunshine and moonshine
For wood-elf in tree.

To the fairy the blue sky,
To the wood-elf the tree;
The sports on the greenwood
So blithesome and free:
Nor shut door nor smoke vent
For wood-elf in tree.

For the fairy and wood-elf
The greenwood so free;
Nor ageing nor dying
May silence their glee.
Nor slow pain of sickness
For wood-elf in tree.

To the greenwood! The greenwood!
Come frolic with me
In the greenwood, the greenwood,
So boundless and free!
To the fairy the fern-frond,
To the wood-elf the tree.

(2) ELFRINA'S LAMENT.

O! Happy the fairy
Who the greenwood never leaves!
Nor woe-worn nor weary,
To Elfland who cleaves.
For the bright realms of Faery
My heavy heart grieves.

O! Happy the wood-elf
To tree-home who cleaves!
From star-wink to dawning
Embower'd in green leaves.
For the sweet realm of Faery
My longing heart grieves.

O! Happy the fairy
In woodland so free!
Nor ageing nor dying,—
Sad mortal decree!
Nor white hairs of winter,
But summer-long glee.
In the grey realm of mortals
My weird I must dree.

(3) LAMENT OF THE BEECH-FAIRIES.

Queen of the forest groves!
Sad was thy falling!
Woe to thy beechen loves,
Mournfully calling!
Grieving like mateless doves,
Moaning thy falling—
Mournful the calling!

Passing bell sadly tolled;
Beechen loves mourning!
Vanished thine Autumn gold,
Vernal adorning.
Sapless and deathly cold,—
Homeless fays mourning
Evening and dawning.

Ruthless the woodman stroke,
Forest pride felling;
Hark to the sylvan folk
Requiem knelling!
Queen Beech nor Kingly Oak
Spared from the felling,—
Mournful the knelling.

In leafy nest embower'd
Dwelt forest fairy,
Where once thy glory tower'd
Empty and dreary.—
Orphan'd the richly dower'd,
Homeless the fairy,
Lonesome, heart-weary.

Golden the Autumn days,
Mirth-filled their fleeting!
Jocund the harvest lays,
Beechen elves meeting.
Pelting the acorn fays,
Care all unweeting,
Gladsome days fleeting.

Queen of the forest groves, etc.

(4) SONG OF THE OAK-FAIRIES.

Come, fairies, away
To King Oak of the Forest!
To revel and play
Round the King of the Forest!
With laughter and singing
We'll set the woods ringing,
Our sylvan dues bringing
To King Oak of the Forest.

Hark! Fairy pipes call!
To King Oak of the Forest!
We'll sport one and all
Round the King of the Forest,
With singing and laughing,
The dew-nectar quaffing,
Our acorn-caps doffing
To King Oak of the Forest.

Come, fairies and sing
To King Oak of the Forest!
We'll sport in a ring
Round the King of the Forest.
Nor vapours nor sorrow
The sylvan folk borrow.
We pledge each morrow
To King Oak of the Forest.

Come, fairies, away
To the King of the Forest!
We'll revel and play
Round the King of the Forest.
Leave mortals a-sleeping,
Or fretting or weeping;
This festal day keeping,
To King Oak of the Forest!

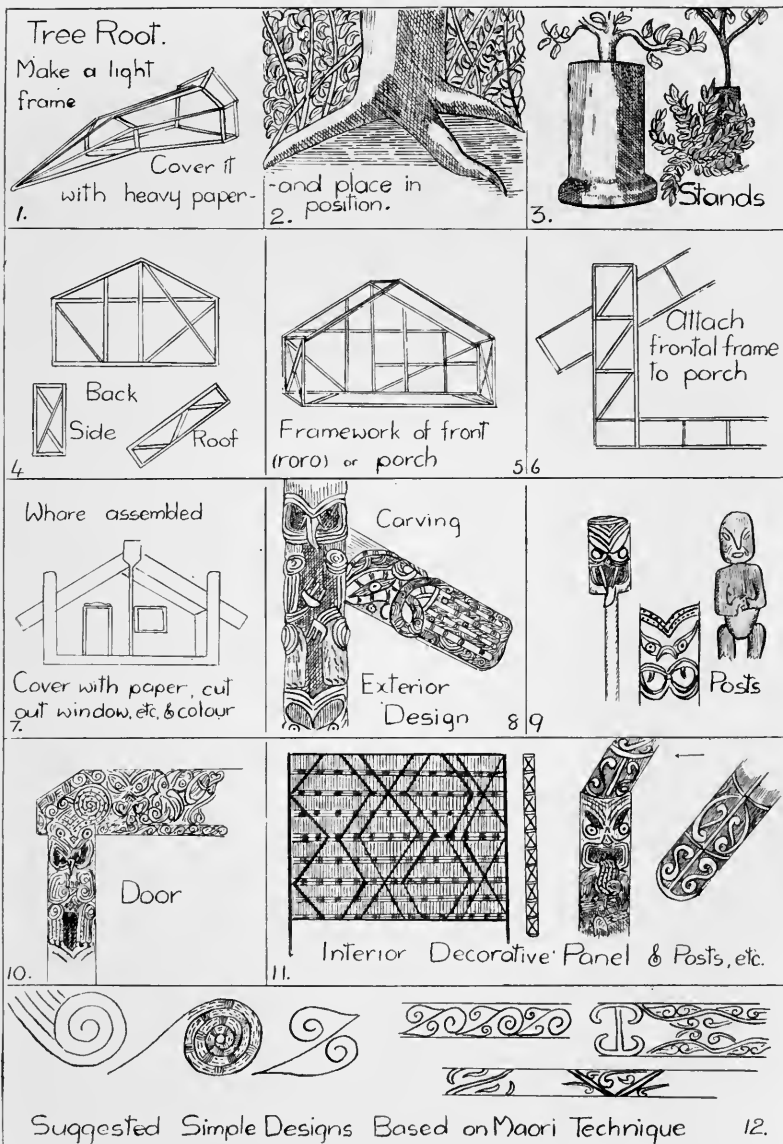
Song of the Oak Fairies

Come fair-ies a-way
Hark! fair-y pipes call

To King Oak of the For-est
To King Oak of the For-est
To re-vel and play
We'll sport one and all
Round the
Round the

King of the For-est
King of the For-est
With laugh-ter and sing-ing we'll set the woods
With sing-ing and laugh-ter the dew rec-tar

ring-ing Our sylvan does bring-ing
quaff-ing Our acorn caps doff-ing
To King Oak of the For-est
To King Oak of the For-est



(SEE APPENDIX)

NOTES ON SCENERY, COSTUME, Etc.

In this little play, the scene changes, from New Zealand to England. Here, in the midst of an English forest, we have a small, roughly constructed hut which must occupy a central position in our scene. Two sliding boards act as shutters for windows placed on either side of a partly open door, while in the doorway stands a trestle table on which is a stone bowl filled with harebells. To the right of the door lies a large log, while to the left stands a small trestle table on which a washing-bowl, soap and towel are to be seen. Small stumps and undergrowth occupy the immediate front of the stage. Arrowheads, sharpening stone, bow and arrows, hunting bag and large pail will occupy the positions suggested at the commencement of the play.

BACK SCENE

This should be made to represent a clearing in an English forest and care should be taken to have the trees, etc., true to type. Only trees, such as the oak and beech, which are natives of England, should be included. When arranging the drawing do not attempt to draw too many trees, or to make the undergrowth of the tangled, jungle type common to New Zealand. The scene must be fairly open and bright.

STAGE PROPERTIES

Little difficulty should be experienced in the making of the trestle tables or the securing of a log suitable for stage use, but it is possible that the hut might present a little more trouble. As in the case of the Maori whare it might be simply a portable front constructed on similar lines, but necessarily of a different shape and appearance. Should this type of hut not be convenient, one might be drawn on the back scene, but in this case there must be suitable window and door apertures.

With regard to other stage properties, their simplicity makes it unnecessary for descriptions, etc., to be given here.

COSTUMES

ELFRINA'S COSTUME

Little Elfrina, who is really a fairy maid, will be extremely fair of hair and complexion, while her raiment will be most delicate, both in hue and in texture. In fact, everything about her must be sweet and dainty. With her leaf green cap, dainty frock and bunch of harebells and daisies, little difficulty should be experienced in this direction. It is not intended to discuss materials from which her frock might be made as most drapers will have a suitably wide range from which one might be selected.

WOLDRED'S COSTUME

Since Woldred's costume, which is of the Robin Hood period, has been fairly fully described at the beginning of this play, little need be said of it here. Whatever the interpretation of his costume may be, much must be left to the discretion of the producer.

FAIRY COSTUMES

These, with the addition of tiny wings, beech-nut and acorn caps and garlands of oak leaves, might be similar to the dainty costume of Elfrina.

APPENDIX

NOTE ON PRONUNCIATION

Be careful always to give each vowel its true sound. Do not confuse *ao* with *au*, *ou* with *u*, or *ae* with *ai*. *Wh* is pronounced by emitting the breath sharply, in a kind of whistle, between the lips. *Ng* is pronounced as in singing. Add a vowel *a* to this work and practise *ng* sound.

Accent usually falls on the first syllable. In words beginning with *whaka* accentuate the third.

APPENDIX

These plays, besides giving the children practice in oral and dramatic expression, might form an excellent introduction to other subjects. Unfortunately, such activities as art and handwork have been combined with the drama only now and then, while its combination with other subjects has received even less attention.

Art activities might be worked out in connexion with stage settings and costumes for drama groups, or pageants depicting local history, or noteworthy events (e.g.) Waitangi. Such a programme would undoubtedly open up a most varied and extensive field of study.

In the production of weapons, pendants, stage-properties and costumes, most useful and interesting handwork studies, involving the knowledge of a certain amount of scientific and technical detail, would be provided.

Schools in New Zealand are now devoting much time, especially during February, to outdoor pastimes, and in view of this, these plays, together with the numerous recreations, exercises and studies connected with them, might be most profitably employed during that time. The open-air performance would afford ample opportunity for a study of Nature, while physical recreation could also receive attention. The Maoris were excellent swimmers and children should be encouraged to emulate them. Then, too, other water pastimes and land games, which would not demand too much exertion, might be introduced. More energetic exercises such as the haka would necessarily be reserved for the cooler days.

There should be no need to continue this outline of the extension of the drama, since teachers must adapt their studies to local conditions. All that has been attempted here is to give a few suggestions, and in this appendix to set down hints which might prove of use to those who may act these little plays.

NOTE: If a museum is available, make use of it.

DRESS

(*Maori*)

On this subject, only a brief account has been attempted. The woven fabric made by Maori women was produced by a process now known as "finger weaving." Decoration was employed in the form of thrums of dressed phormium cords which were inserted during the fashioning of the fabric. Another form of decoration was the "taniko" border which consisted of a wide band of designs (triangular, etc.) executed in the few colours (black, brown and yellow) available to the Maori of pre-European times. A modern development is the use of brightly coloured wools for the decorative work, and "candle wick" for the plaited fabric.

The making of garments such as full length cloaks and shoulder capes would necessarily be a fairly lengthy process and one which cannot be described here. It should be noted, however, that by interpolating extra bands gusset-wise at the required places, the garments could be made to fit more closely to the body.

Cloaks were sometimes decorated with feathers, those of the kiwi making a warm and soft garment, while brighter colouring could be obtained by the use of feathers from the kaka, tui, etc. Feathers, as in the case of thrums, were inserted during the fashioning of the garment.

Whenever dogskin cloaks have been mentioned in this book it will be noted that they have been worn only by persons of high rank. These cloaks were made by sewing strips of skins on to a finely plaited or woven fabric. By the arrangement of black and white strips, a satisfactory design was obtained.

The Maoris also wore rough rain cloaks which were much coarser garments.

The various illustrations throughout this book will show clearly the modes of wearing the garments mentioned.

NOTE: Cords (e.g. thrums) may be made as follows:

1. Take a small portion of dressed fibre in the left hand.
2. Place it across right leg.
3. Still holding it firmly in left hand, roll with the right hand.
4. For thrums, etc., roll two such threads together.

COSTUMES

(*For Stage Purposes*)

These are effective, inexpensive and can easily be made by following the directions given in these notes.

CLOAKS

As it will be almost impossible to secure cloaks of Maori manufacture, an endeavour is made to show how common, every-day materials might be used in an approximation of the real article. A suitable material for cloaks is fairly well bleached sugar sacking which might easily be obtained from almost any store and which costs only a few pence.

1. Take an oblong piece of material and bind the edges.
2. Thread strips of undyed raffia, or "candle wick" through the material, keeping the strips fairly close together.
3. Mark off borders for taniko decorations.
4. Make border designs and attach thrums.

PIUPIU

(*Fig. 14*)

In the limited space available, it would be impossible to give a detailed account of the making of the "piupiu," or kilt, and even if it could be given, few children would, without a considerable amount of guidance, be able to make a really satisfactory article. Let it suffice to say that it is simply a narrow, plaited belt with a dense fringe of long flax thrums attached to it.

As a substitute we shall find raffia satisfactory, though it in no way resembles the genuine material. In attaching the raffia to a belt, care must be taken to keep the strands hanging as straight as possible. Any tendency towards bushiness will spoil the appearance of the costume. The varying lengths of the kilt might assist in the portrayal of age (e.g.) short for young people and longer for adults.

NOTE: Young folk generally wore small triangular slips, known as "maro."

Children might be permitted to wear the "piupiu," but, in the case of boys, no other garment should be apparent. Girls might wear a bodice as suggested elsewhere. The pattern of this garment is extremely simple and could be made by the girls themselves.

TATTOOING OR MOKO

(*Figs. 3 and 4*)

There are numerous legends concerning the origin of the art of tattooing. One Mataora is said to have visited the underworld where he found this art practised and, on returning, he brought the knowledge with him.

Tattooing, which is probably the finest form of personal ornamentation, was a very painful operation. The tattooing implement, which was hafted like a miniature adze, had a blade approximately one quarter of an inch in width. Several tools of various widths, and each having a special name, were used. According to Mr. Elsdon Best, the blade was first dipped into the pigment (made from soot obtained by burning such materials as kauri, kahikatea (white pine) heart, etc.) contained in a shell and was then placed in position and struck smartly with a small stick. In this way an incision was made. The process was lengthy and painful usually resulting in severe inflammation of the tattooed parts. It was an extremely sacred (tapu) operation and, though widely practised by the Maori, was not confined solely to persons of rank, or used as a tribal mark. Both sexes could be tattooed on reaching maturity, but men (fig. 4) were more elaborately decorated than women (fig. 3).

For stage purposes, a design arranged by the children themselves, might be drawn on the faces by means of a dark "lining" pencil. It should be noted, however, that the design must not be too elaborate, but must be rather open, if it is to be easily seen by the audience.

MAORI AMULETS

TIKI (Fig. 7)

The tiki, usually fashioned from greenstone, was the most valued form of neck pendant. Other amulets of less value were made from bone and whale ivory.

For stage purposes, a tiki might be fashioned from a piece of wood and suitably coloured to imitate greenstone.

REI-PARAOA (Fig. 6)

This neck pendant was fashioned from a whale's tooth and was much prized, though not so greatly as the tiki.

As in the case of the tiki, wood suitably shaped and coloured will be found to be quite satisfactory.

KURUKURU (Fig. 4)

This is an ear-pendant made of greenstone and straight in form. It, too, might be fashioned from wood and suitably coloured.

MAORI ORNAMENTS

KOROPEPE

This is a small scroll-like pendant which looks like a coiled snake. It was fashioned from greenstone and bone.

PEKAPEKA

(*Fig. 8*)

This is a highly prized amulet, bird-like in form and having two heads.

WEAPONS

KOTIATE AND WAHAIKA

(*Figs. 12 and 13.*)

The kotiate is a fiddle-shaped weapon, while the wahaika is a broad scimitar-like club made of bone, or wood, with a carven human figure projecting from the back and with a head on the butt.

MERE

(*Fig. 11*)

This is a highly-prized weapon fashioned from greenstone. It is about thirteen or fourteen inches in length, three and one-half inches in width at its widest part, and half an inch in thickness at the hand-grip, gradually tapering towards the outer edge of the blade. Its weight would probably be between one and two pounds. Wood, suitably shaped and coloured, will make quite a good substitute.

TAIAHA

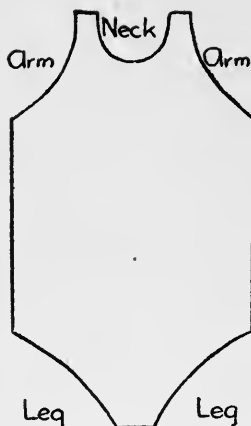
(*Fig. 10*)

The taiaha is a two-handed striking weapon, about five or six feet in length. The striking end is about two or three inches in width and half an inch in thickness. This gradually merges into the hand-grip, which ends in a form of "tongue" ornamented with fine carvings. This "tongue" has, at its base, a most grotesquely carven head with elongated eyes, the central portions of which are made of paua shell. At its thickest part, the shaft is about an inch in width and three-quarters of an inch in thickness. This weapon, though slender, made from suitable wood, is exceptionally strong.

TEWHATEWHA

(*Fig. 9*)

The tewhatewha is, in appearance similar to the European battle axe; the blade, however, is merely an expansion of the end, or head, to form a heavier striking portion. It is made of wood.



UNDER-GARMENT

The garment worn by the children under their "kilts," or "cloaks," might be made of some suitable brown material. If possible, it should cling closely to the body.

TIPARE

The tipare, or head-band, should be made of flax, but if this is not convenient, strips of heavy paper will be found to be quite satisfactory. In fact, it might be found advisable to practise the plait by using paper before attempting one with flax.

- a) Arrange strips (as long as possible) as shown.
- b) Place in position.
- c) Take 3 and fold across and under 2.
- d) Fold 3 back down across 2 and under 1.
- e) Take 2 and fold down across 1 and under 4.
- f) Fold 2 back across 4 and under 3 parallel to 1.
- g) Take 4 and fold across 2 and under 1.
- h) Fold 4 back across 1 and under 2 parallel to 3.

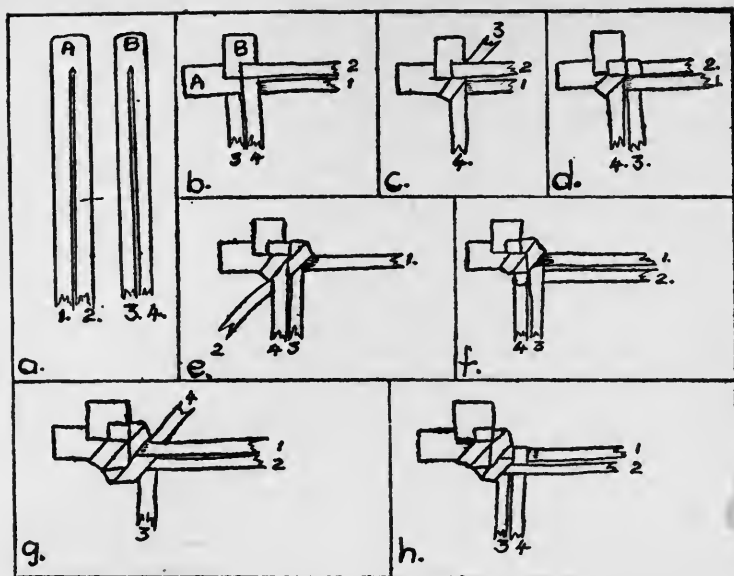
Commencing with 1, take each in turn as before and continue until tipare is of sufficient length.

N.B.—On every second "move" the strips should be in pairs, i.e., 1 and 2 — 3 and 4.

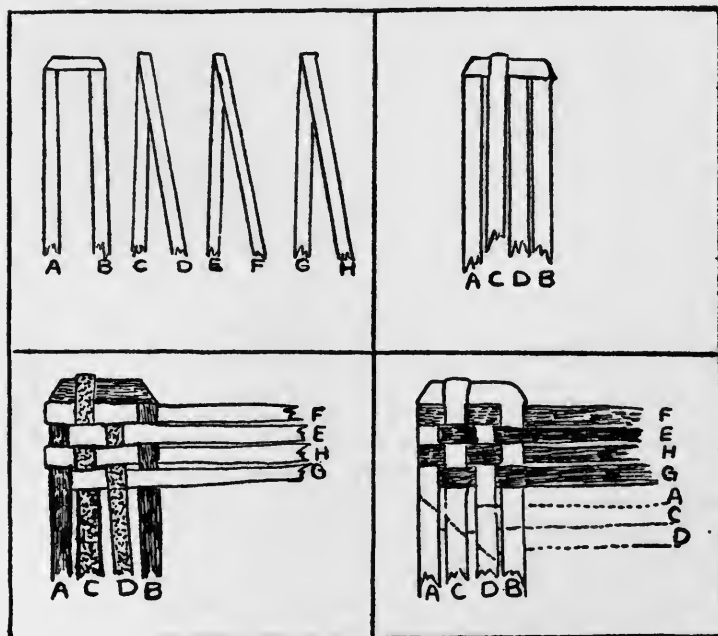
BELTS AND SANDALS

To make these take four fairly long strips of flax about half an inch or more in width and fold as shown (1).

- (2) This done, place C—D over A—B.
- (3) Then, taking E—F and G—H, place each in position as illustrated.
- (4) Fold A behind C, over D and behind B, its new position being parallel to G.



TIPARE PLAIT



PLAIT USED IN BELT AND SANDAL MAKING

C and D are treated similarly, leaving only B in its original position. F, E, H, G, A, C, D should now be parallel.

To continue, fold F across E, behind H, across G, behind A, across C, and behind D, making it, in its new position, parallel to B. This done, take E, H, G, A and C in turn and fold accordingly, leaving only D. Now, commencing with B, proceed as before until, once again, only one is left.

Continue this process until belt, or sandal, is of sufficient length.

In finishing the sandals, it will probably be found most convenient to fold back and plait in the ends. After having done this, attach looped cords to the edges and thread a draw-cord through the loops. By tightening this draw-string, the sandal may be firmly secured to the foot.

NOTE.—Strips, half an inch in width, will make a sandal of approximately three inches, or three and one-half inches (according to the tightness of the plait) in width. In practising this plait, heavy wrapping paper is probably more suitable than flax. Not only is it more easily folded, but individual strips may be marked as shown in the diagram.

WHARE

(*Maori*)

Here again it would be impossible in these notes to describe the various types of native houses. We shall, however, endeavour to give a brief account of the construction of a superior type of dwelling only.

A ridge pole, sometimes of considerable length, was supported by two large posts, each placed in the middle of its respective wall. This ridge pole projected outwards at the front to form a deep porch, and since the weight of the roof rested on the pole and its supporting posts, these had often to be of considerable size and strength.

The walls are made of flat, hewn slabs (often elaborately decorated), sunk into the earth, while the roof was supported by rafters (also finely decorated), the lower ends of which were fitted into the upper ends of these slabs. The side posts were not designed to support any great weight.

Between the side slabs were decorative panels, the most popular form of which was made by fastening light thin slats of wood horizontally to yellow toe-toe arranged perpendicularly. Decorative work on these was executed by the use of narrow strips of fibrous leaves of various hues. Each panel was divided into two sections by means of a central, vertical, cross-laced rod. The outer covering was of thatch (bulrush, etc.).

The door and window of such a house simply slid into recesses in the wall. Carven figures and designs might be seen on wall slabs, doorways, windows, and barge-boards etc., while painted designs would appear on rafters, skirting boards, sliding door, and window shutters.

Such a house, representing so much labour, would be seen only in a village of importance.

NOTE.—Nails were not used by the Maori.

WHARE (*For Indoor Stage*)

Since only the front portion of the whare will be viewed by the audience, there is little need to construct anything more elaborate. The front must, however, be strongly built, yet light enough to be handled with ease. A framework of light battens, constructed in a way similar to that shown in the illustration (Fig. 4-7), and covered with heavy grey wrapping paper, is perhaps the most suitable.

Upon the grey surface, raupo, carving, etc., might easily be drawn with ordinary school chalks, or pastels. The "carving" need not be elaborate nor need it be based on any specific carving unless, of course, some specimen is readily available, or it is desired to make a study of Maori art. It might simply be a design, Maori in form, but arranged by the children themselves. (See specimens of Maori and suggested designs. Figs. 8-12.) The colours should be rather bright and light and shade should receive most careful attention.

NOTE.—If heavy cardboard is obtainable, the design work might be cut out, the whole coloured a dull red, and placed over the darkened surface of the framework. To accentuate the design, a thin lining of white might be profitably employed.

WHARE (*For Outdoor Stage*)

For the outdoor stage, something of a more permanent nature might be desired, and should a shed be available, it might easily be transformed into a satisfactory whare by the addition of a suitably constructed and decorated front of wood (detachable). The shed itself need not be damaged, or its utility impaired in any way.

If, however, the children wish to build a whare, it would be advisable to have it constructed on European principles, so that when it is completed it will be not only ornamental, but useful. Perhaps the best situation for such a building would be across some little used corner of the school grounds. Corrugated iron will, if suitably painted, give quite a satisfactory thatch effect for roof and walls, while door and win-

dow, etc., should be faced with boards on which suitable designs have been carved or painted. The "ground" colouring for these facings would be a dull red. If desirable the interior might be decorated.

It might seem that these little plays do not warrant the construction of such a building, but, while this might be true, boys, in country districts especially, would certainly benefit by the experience of making a useful building, provided, of course, orthodox methods of building were observed. Such a whare would always be ready for use and besides being a convenient store-room in which concert or play materials might be kept, it would certainly add to the appearance of the grounds.

TREES

In constructing a large tree for stage purposes, the following hints might be found helpful.

The trunk of the tree, drawn on the back scene, should be of sufficient size to make the necessarily large roots appear natural. Grey wrapping paper, fastened to a framework arranged as suggested in Figs. 1 and 2, and coloured so that the roots will merge into the tree trunk, will do quite well.

NOTE 1.—It will be found to be advisable to colour the trunk right to the base so that, should any slight inaccuracy in the placing of the roots occur, this will be almost imperceptible to the audience.

NOTE 2.—The placing of individual trees about the stage where no wall is available for support might be simplified by the use of flanged drain-pipes. These, placed flange downwards, will support any suitable trees, but care should be taken to select only well balanced greenery.

BACK SCENES

These should, as far as possible, be made by the children themselves. Guided by the teacher, they should be encouraged to study "settings," to discriminate between essentials and non-essentials, to select colours wisely, and to study carefully the varying effects of the coloured lights at their disposal. Whether the scene be one drawn from personal observation, or whether it be purely imaginative, or one selected from a book, it must be reproduced in such a way that the audience will not be left in doubt regarding what it has been intended to portray.

If possible, the making of scenes should be left to the "Art Club," the members of which might work individually, or in groups, as occasion demands. The production of a particularly large scene might, however, require the services of more than one group.

MATERIALS REQUIRED AND METHOD OF APPLICATION

The materials required for the making of even a large scene, suitable for use on more than one occasion, need not be expensive.

Heavy dark grey paper, procurable in large sheets (5 feet x 4 feet), and costing only a few pence per sheet, might be gummed together until a sheet of the required size is obtained. In preparing the paper, care should be taken to see that:—

- (1) A three-inch over-lap is made throughout.
- (2) No paste adheres to any portion on which chalk will later appear.
- (3) All over-lap hangs downwards—so that hand, chalk, etc., will not “catch” on gummed edge when drawing.

Chalks, pastels and raddle have been found to be the most suitable mediums of expression, especially in the smaller schools, and with them large scenes (20 feet x 12 feet) have been successfully produced. In constructing these scenes, which were not grid-ironed (grid-ironing process explained later), the scene was first roughly arranged by light line drawings which could be altered without difficulty and without damaging the surface of the paper. If possible, the horizon was first determined, and this done, the larger masses were inserted. From time to time the drawing was viewed from a distance and any defects in placing, balance, etc., rectified. Colouring was then proceeded with, the sky receiving first attention. The method of application was as follows:—

- (1) Rub on chalks as heavily as possible, keeping, of course, the colours approximately in their right positions.
- (2) Smudge this by vigorously rubbing the hand (glove must not be used) across the chalked surface, and where necessary add further colour and continue smudging until a satisfactory effect is secured.
- (3) Treat the larger masses and the details last of all. Details, if they are to stand out clearly, should not be “smudged,” but should be drawn with pastel or chalk as heavily as possible, since it is on the clearness of these that the effectiveness of the scene depends.

Raddle, which is procurable in numerous colours, might be used alone, or with chalk and pastel, and although it is perhaps a little more dusty than chalk or pastel, the resultant scene will be found to be equally satisfactory.

NOTE.—

- (1) Do not be afraid of colour.
- (2) Observe light and shade and make profitable use of black.
- (3) Keep the scene as bright as possible.
- (4) Keep the scene thoroughly dry.
- (5) Spray with a suitable fixative. Ready-made fixatives might be procured from almost any store, but should it not be possible to procure one, dissolve granulated gum arabic in methylated spirits (1 oz. to 1 quart approx.), and spray on to the scene with a "fly sprayer." When spraying it might be found to be advisable to have the scene lying on the floor, as, in this way, any risk of "running" will be eliminated.

SCENE PLANNING

In planning a scene, the following method might prove the most convenient:—

- (1) Make a sketch, preferably coloured, of the intended scene on a suitably sized piece of drawing paper.
- (2) Grid-iron this with squares (1 inch squares will probably be the most useful).
- (3) Grid-iron the large scene with a similar number of squares.
- (4) With white chalk, transfer an outline of the material contained in each square of the drawing on to the larger squares of the back scene.
- (5) Suitably colour, using the method already described.

LIGHTING

While it is recognised that suitable lighting effects are an asset to any indoor stage production, there is, however, little necessity to have anything elaborate for the average performance. It is essential that sufficient lights (including foot and spot lights) be available and that they be easily controlled. Almost any coloured material (transparent), so long as it is not inflammable, might be used to produce colour effects for spot, etc.

In country districts, where electricity is not yet available, six volt batteries have been found to provide sufficient power for all necessary lighting effects.

There is little need to discuss "lighting" at further

length, since most teachers will be able to give adequate directions.

WARNING

THE MAINS SUPPLY IS DANGEROUS

Have NOTHING to do with it unless a qualified electrician has made all necessary arrangements.

NEVER tamper with plugs, wires or electrical fittings.

MAKE-UP

For the benefit of those who have not the usual make-up materials at their disposal, the following simple recipe is given:—

- (1) Finely powder some deep red raddle.
- (2) Mix with warm superfine lard (or petroleum jelly) until a fairly stiff paste results.
- (3) Add a little powdered blue raddle until the required shade of brown is obtained.

The mixture is now ready for use and may be kept in jars until required.

NOTE.—Raddle is procurable in numerous colours.

Apply this mixture sparingly. Perhaps the best method is to rub it on to the hands and then do the body and face, care being taken to apply it evenly, otherwise a somewhat streaky effect will result. Care should also be taken to darken under the nose, behind and inside the ears, the soles of the feet and between the toes and fingers.

To remove the make-up use *hot* water and soap.

N.B.—The Maori complexion is, generally speaking, a light brown.

HINTS

For the benefit of those who have had no training in dramatic art, the following hints are given:—

STAGE DIRECTIONS.—In these plays, left and right mean the left and right of the audience. If so desired, left and right may be interpreted as the left and right of the performers. The directions given in the notes would have to be altered accordingly. The following diagram may be helpful:—

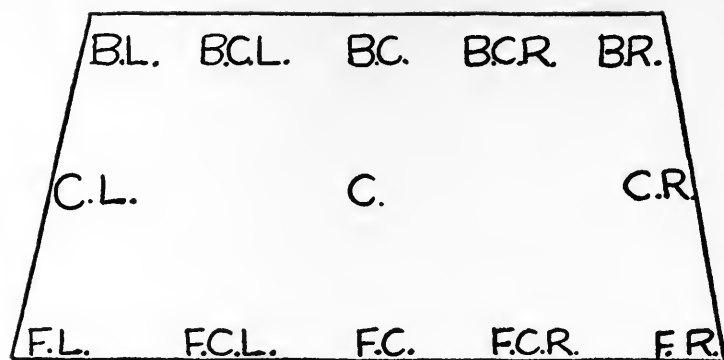
PROPERTIES.—It will be found advisable to have all the necessary properties ready before the curtain rises. In this way any awkward “waiting” may be eliminated. Each child should be responsible for his or her own personal properties.

PROMPTERS.—If possible there should be two prompters,

one on each side of the stage, and these should be people whose voices are clear. Prompters should try to be present at rehearsals and above all, they must not prompt when only a pause is intended.

HINTS TO CHILDREN ACTING THE PLAYS

- (1) Always try to rehearse the play under the conditions in which it is to be finally acted.
- (2) A common fault of young actors is to speak rather too quickly. This must be carefully avoided as your audience must grasp fully the meaning of every word and action as the play progresses.
- (3) Never lose sight of the fact that your words must be conveyed to the audience and not to the stage floor. Talk to the back of the hall. Audibility often depends on the direction rather than the volume of ones voice. Thus, if an actor is talking to someone on his left, or his right, he must be careful not to turn so far towards that person that his voice becomes lost to the audience.
- (4) Many young actors seem to be afraid of pauses. This tendency is probably due to a fear of giving an impression that the words are forgotten. Actors would do well to remember that a dramatic pause can often be more effective than speech.
- (5) When the audience is laughing, do not continue speaking until quietness is restored. By not observing this little rule, important lines are often lost to the audience. On no account let these pauses be obvious, however, and if possible conceal them with a suitable action.
- (6) Endeavour always to "live" the part you are acting—to be for the time actually the person you are pretending to be. This will help you to avoid shyness and stiffness of movement, and to move freely and naturally about the stage. Every gesture should be made decidedly and with no signs of hesitation, since meaningless movements tend to irritate the audience.



Audience

DIAGRAM OF STAGE

Key to diagram:—

B—Back.
C—Centre.
F—Front.
R—Right.
L—Left.







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